FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The King and Queen of Sweden have joined the Blue Ribbon army.

—In China the flesh of rats, dried and salted, is deemed an excellent hair-restorer.

European papers remark upon the good imitation of celluloid now manufactured from potatoes.

—Londoners are puzzled by the fact that their fogs have lately been of a pinkish hue, the cause of which is unknown.

—It is thought that a dozen shots from the new German bomb, charged with dynamite shells, would destroy the strongest fortifications in the world.

—Dr. G. L. Fitch, who has been for five years in charge of the Kakasko leper hospital in Honolulu, thinks that in fifteen years there will be only enough natives left to make curiosities. Liquor and leprosy are killing them off.

—An old corset of Charlotte Bronte was sold the other day for 8s. For a pair of scissors she had once handled 10s. was accepted, a print dress, rather worn, fetched 15s., and an ancient pair of boots was thought cheap at 25s.

—Worth, the man-milliner, has a great dislike for perfumes. His employes are prohibited from using scents, or even wearing flowers. Whenever a lady sends him her costly laces, odorous from long confinement in perfumed satchels, the first thing he does is to have them thoroughly aired, otherwise he could not touch them.

—A sailor returned from Anam and Tonquin is feted by his friends, to whom he recounts his adventures. "Did you see the King of Anam?" inquired one of his admiring friends. "No, and it is very lucky for me that I didn't; for, according to the law of that country, the first time a person looks on the King he is beheaded; for the second offense he is banished."—*Paris Figaro.*

—In Germany recently was held the "Cooper's Festival," which occurs in Munich every seven years. Those who took part in the Cooper's Dance wore green skull-caps with blue and white feathers, silver-bordered crimson jackets, black velvet knee-breeches, white stockings and shoes with silver buckles. Each dancer held above his head a half hoop of evergreens, from which hung a small keg.

—Colonel Prejevalsky's facts throw Jules Verne's fancies into the shade. This famous Russian traveler has fought his way through Mongolia and Thibet with a party of seventeen soldiers and a host of other attendants, spent forty-three thousand roubles, killed four hundred people who barred his way, given a number of Russian names to places nominally in the dominion of China, and shown the portrait of the White Czar to enraptured crowds of Mongolians longing to be taken under his protection.

—An interesting discovery is reported from Faversham, Kent, England. In the course of some excavations for brick earth in King's Field, near that town, a collection of old coins and other valuable relics was discovered. Among the articles are two large gold pendants, one of which is set with garnets, a buckle set with stones, a quantity of beads, quartz, a ring and a sword. Similar discoveries have been made in the same field on previous occasions during excavations.

GHOST STORIES.

A Truthful Historian Shows How They are "Worked Up" and Circulated.

About six years ago I had occasion to investigate some alleged later developments of an ancient legend that is known to the greater part of the population of the old district of Southwark. What these later developments were expected to be would not interest you, because they failed to materialize. The legend itself was that a living woman with a horse's head had for many years terrorized the neighborhood of Fifth street and Washington avenue. It was asserted that this unnatural creature had been seen time and again eating oats from a golden trough and pulling hay from a diamond-studded rack, which hung over a manger of the rarest and costliest kinds of hard wood; that she occasionally vaulted the paling fence that inclosed the northeast corner of the two streets named and galloped—as well as she could with only two legs—around the block. Several people who lived a great distance from the scenes of these exploits told me confidentially that the young woman sometimes took trips through the air on a winged broom-stick, and that she neighed so shrilly and so continuously that the babies in the vicinity could never go to sleep. The further I got away from the neighborhood the more wonderful became the story and the nearer I got to Fifth and Washington avenue the harder it was to find proof. Numberless persons who had lived for years within a stone's throw of the home of the monster were seen, but not a single one of them could vouch for the truth of the tale when pinned down to cold facts.

Lots of them had heard of the horse-headed girl, and all of them knew a man who knew a man who had an uncle who saw this strange thing one snowy night, or moonlight night, or rainy night, when the clocks were tolling the hour of midnight. Of that latter happening everybody was positive—the striking of the midnight hour—but a three-hours' steady search failed to discover any eye-witnesses until I happened across a gentleman with narrow forehead, small twinkling eyes, a rusty suit of black and a great thirst. He had lived in Southwark, he told me, "goin' on forty year," and he said he was "werry happy" to be of service. Of course he had seen the girl with the horse's head, and with a strict regard for the niceties assured me that the creature's ears were not so long by at quarter of an inch as those of a real horse, and that her mane was "werry thin and scraggy." For nearly an hour I listened to one of the most thrilling descriptions of the general make-up, the character and habits of the half human terror of Southwark that you could well imagine. With a countenance as solemn as an owl's and a manner that almost carried conviction with it, this interesting Ananias told me that he had seen the girl with the horse's head no less than thirty-two times, and it would be utterly impossible for him to have been mistaken. He had seen it eating from the golden trough, but was not prepared to say that the trough was solid metal, although it had every appearance of genuineness. He heard it snort thirteen or fourteen times. He had been close enough seven times to observe its head, and to note that it was a perfect counterpart of the head of a horse, excepting the trifling difference in the length of the ears. He had never seen the creature gallop around the block. He didn't believe any such nonsense, and proved very conclusively that the parents of the girl were not so careless of their name as to exhibit their misfortune in public.

In an unguarded moment I gave this accommodating gentleman my address. In a day or two he called to see me. He repeated the story without invitation and substantially as he had first told it. In a fortnight he called again. He talked about the weather, and then suddenly catching sight of a picture of Flora Temple on the wall was reminded of his favorite object, he retold it. I took occasion the next day to inquire concerning the man's veracity, and found his reputation for truth was good; that he had lived in Southwark just the length of time he said he had lived there, and was very generally respected. The only thing I found against him was that he was a great talker. When I inquired about his knowledge of the existence of the horse-headed girl, I found no less than nine people who had the story from his own lips, and of the nine seven believed it implicitly. These seven spread the tale about, and I verily believe that it passed from one mouth to another until it reached as far north as Port Richmond, for there are people in that part of the town who never lived south of Girard avenue who have the story pat.—*Philadelphia News.*

"SHARK" LAWYERS.

How They Work Up Testimony in Damage Cases and Prosecute the Suits.

"I don't believe the tax-payers of this city have any idea of the number of schemes which are being concocted to bleed the city treasury," said City Attorney Washburne to a reporter. "In the matter of personal-injury cases alone we have to defend suits involving claims for damages of such magnitude that were half of the contestants successful the treasury would be bankrupted.

"Last year we defended forty-one personal-injury cases. The total damages sought to be recovered amounted to $312,500. That a majority of these cases were unjustly brought in the hope that sympathetic juries would give dishonest judgments against the city is evidenced by the fact that but $8,780 out of the $312,500 claimed was paid.

"Since January 1, the beginning of the present year, we have defended ten of these cases, where a total of $105,000 was claimed as damages. The amount recovered was $900. The limited success attending the efforts of the prosecutors of these cases is discouraging the speculation which has heretofore been indulged in to so great an extent, and I am glad to say that there are very few new suits being filed against the city at the present time.

"What do I mean by speculation? I mean that nearly all of these cases are brought ostensibly by the injured parties, but in reality by attorneys who, for a certain percentage of the judgments obtained, assume control of the suits, pay the costs, and undertake to furnish their own time in conducting them free of charge in case nothing is recovered. Many of these attorneys are reputable men in their profession, who honestly believe damages should and can be recovered by law. Others are miserable shysters, who will resort to any measure to win a case. They will manufacture witnesses, manufacture testimony for them to introduce, fix juries and resort to any other criminal practices they can possibly employ without apprehension.

"It is this class of men I am after, and one of these days I am going to get enough evidence against some one of them to send him down to Joliet and make an example of him. I recently caused a warrant to be issued against a witness in one of these cases, against whom I had all the evidence necessary to convict him of perjury. He slipped through the officer's fingers and absconded. Had I secured him I am confident he would have 'squealed' on the real perpetrators of the 'job,' and I would have had a full-fledged attorney behind the bars in company with his perjured assistant.

"If you want to know how many of our lesser legal lights gain a livelihood go to the county coroner's office regularly every day and watch the clerks of law firms as they carefully scan the daily record of casualties and copy the testimony of inquests. Often the relatives of deceased people never think of instituting damage proceedings until these sharks send their representatives around and make propositions to conduct the cases at their own expense, sharing the results equally after the costs. The first thing an attorney does is to work up all the damaging evidence, real or manufactured, possible, and then, presenting the case in an exaggerated light before the plaintiff, endeavor to bulldoze him into a settlement. Too often they succeed where the plaintiff is a private individual, but as a rule corporations will come to no settlement without an examination of the case before a magistrate. In all claims against the city, if they are presented in due form, the council refers them to the law department, and if, after a careful examination, we find the claim a just one, we recommend its settlement to the finance committee. A great many cases are amicably settled in this manner."—*Chicago News.*

THE CANDLE FISH.

How the Natives of the Northwestern Coast of America Obtain Light.

People do not get candles from water, as a rule, I believe, but nevertheless there was a time when men were indebted to the ocean for much of the light that made their homes pleasant at night. The best candles and oil of your forefathers' time came from whales. There is, however, a very remarkable light-giver, which is nothing more nor less than a small fish. This fish is so very oily that all you have to do, after it has departed this life, is to fasten it by its tail between two pieces of wood, touch a match to its head, and a pale flame will arise from the fish's mouth that lasts until, like a candle, the fish is slowly consumed.

The useful fish, moreover, is a very important one to the people living on the northwestern coast of North America. At certain seasons the candle-fishes swarm the bays and rivers in vast numbers, and every native man, woman and child is engaged in capturing them. And how do you suppose they catch them? They actually comb them in. The boats drive them in ashore, where each native armed with a gigantic weapon with teeth eight inches long, sweeps or combs them up by the hundred.

When the boats are loaded full, the fish are carried ashore, where women and children take charge of them. After being dried and smoked, they are ready for candles. They are also used as food, and in that case the oil is tried out and put away for winter use.—*St Nicholas.*

—In Santa Barbara, Cal., they fine young men who practice on the clarionet.

YOUNG PHYSICIANS.

The Hard Knocks They Receive and the Mistakes They Make.

A gentleman who occupies an executive position of great prominence in one of our New York medical colleges, while chatting amiably about young physicians, said: "The most keenly envied man is not the one who exhibits a profundity of text-book knowledge, unwonted skillfulness at the dissecting table or quickness of wit or memory, but the fortunate possessor of a big beard, an impressive physique or a mature and solemn face. Indeed, I think the most amusing of all characteristics of the average medical student is in the assumption of dignity and thoughtfulness as graduation day approaches. As the young men draw near the close of their terms every day sees a closer contraction of the eyebrows, a more pompous and ponderous pursing up of the lips, deliberate steps, slow movements and elaborate courtesy toward one another. The cock-lofty and infinitely superior air of the ordinary college graduate sinks into abject and lowly humility compared to the manner of the medical student when he starts out in life. The distrust of a very young physician is widespread and perhaps natural in the human breast, and the first ten years of most physicians' lives are spent in frantic efforts to overcome this unfortunate prejudice. To force the beard to grow upon a beardless cheek, to cause the observer to look upon him with awe, and to impress men with whom he comes in contact with his profundity of thought, is the ambition of his earlier years. On this account he assumes manners, and, worst of all, he tells tales.

"Take, as an instance, a young man who came from Keokuk, Ia., some time ago with a letter from an old college chum who is settled there. He is a well-meaning young chap, and after his graduation he decided to practice medicine in New York. He has no acquaintances outside of the few that he has made in boarding houses, but he has the distinctively Western gift, and he has started in to win. He has one of those unfortunate faces bereft of hair—smooth, whitish and juvenile-looking to the very last degree. The temples are prominent, nobby and polished, and the hair abundant. 'If,' he said to me the other day in a gentle burst of confidence, 'I had some sort of beard, or if, at any rate, my hair was not so thick and I could add a premature baldness to my other advantages it would result in my making a living; as it is now I pass my life in an everlasting effort to keep up the bluff that it is invariably called. When I try to wear spectacles people laugh at me, and so I try to put on an appearance of age by referring carelessly in casual conversation to events that occurred before the war, and never talk with interest of any thing that has occurred during the past twenty years. If I had a big beard it would certainly be worth twenty thousand dollars to me.'

"One of the commonest errors which young physicians make is the relating of innumerable anecdotes and experiences, most of which they carelessly refer to as having happened 'last week' in their extensive medical practice. This in the face of the fact that is perfectly evident to every one that their whole practice is a myth, and that even the busiest and most expert physicians could not attend in a month to one-half of the remarkable cases which they cite as having occurred during a single week's practice. It should be a significant fact to these youngsters that older physicians of prominence seldom or never refer to cases of this sort, as the patient is invariably skeptical of all such reference. Every patient has an idea that his own particular malady or ailment stands alone and without parallel in the history of medicine, and it never pleases him to be told that Mr. Jones was similarly affected last week, but easily cured by the astute physician.

"There is something really pathetic, though the public never seems to think so, about the early struggles of most young doctors. Poor chaps, it is almost painful at times to think how bravely they keep things moving year after year on incomes that would be looked on with contempt by an average street laborer, and the time they keep up the bluff, to keep up the expression of my Western friend, with undiminished courage. They may be half starved—and they are usually quite destitute of all means of paying for amusements—but they wear their threadbare frock coats with undiminished dignity, and talk constantly as though they were being carried onward in their profession on the topmost wave of prosperity. I wonder that the dramatists and novelists, who complain so of a dearth of good lay figures on which to lay the lines of their novels and plays, do not take up the career of some one of these brave and courageous fellows who struggle so long and so hard to gain recognition. Their lives are filled with pathos and humor."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A RIVER INCIDENT.

A Deck-Hand Tosses a Mate Overboard, and Is Hunted to Death.

There was a heavy wind blowing as the steamer left Vicksburg, and all signs indicated a dark and stormy night. During the afternoon I had seen the mate cuff the ears of one of the deck-hsnds—a tall, powerful and morose-looking chap—and from the way the victim's eyes snapped and his bosom heaved I knew that he felt degraded and sighed for revenge.

We had not been out over twenty minutes, and the decks had not yet been cleared up, when the mate ordered some bags of cotton-seed meal moved to trim the boat. The man he had cuffed was one of four or five who set about the work. They went at the task in the leisurely, half-hearted manner characteristic of the negro roustabout, and pretty soon the impatient mate brought the stick he carried in his hand down across one of their backs. Perhaps he meant to hit the same man again; perhaps he did not distinguish one from the other. However, the blow reached the back of the same proud-spirited negro.

I was standing on the stairs to watch proceedings, and, therefore, witnessed what occurred when the blow fell. The man had a cotton hook in his hand. Instead of using it for a weapon of attack, he flung it down, sprang and seized the mate around the middle, and with seemingly no more effort than the average man would put forth to toss a ten-pound package from him, he sent the mate flying down the deck clear of every thing. The officer alighted on his head, and was, no doubt, stunned to insensibility, even if his neck was not broken. Not a shout was uttered by the amazed roustabouts, nor was a hand stretched forth to prevent further action.

With a wild, hoarse scream of rage the man who had been degraded by the blows rushed forward at the helpless mate. At first he thought to stamp the body with his feet. Then he glared around him in search of some weapon. Again he changed his mind and, lifting up the body as if it had been a sack of flour, he carried it to the gangway and threw it overboard. The whole transaction might have occupied three minutes. It was only after the body went overboard that any of us moved. Then, as a dozen deck-hands shouted "Murder!" I ran up-stairs and reported to the Captain, and the boat was stopped. But only for a moment. The wind was drifting her on the bank, and she was half a mile below the spot before her engines were checked.

"It's no use," said the Captain, as I gave him all the particulars. "Poor Jim went straight to the bottom as soon as overboard, and the only thing we can do is to make the nigger swing for his death."

There was great excitement on the lower deck as we went down. A dozen passengers were ready to offer their assistance in capturing the man, but he had picked up an iron bar and retired behind a pile of freight so arranged that to get at him one had to enter a gangway ten feet long by two wide, and make a turn. Only one could get at him at once, and everybody saw at a glance that it was a dangerous undertaking. After locating the man the Captain advanced, his cocked revolver in his hand, but as he reached the turn the negro knocked the weapon out of his hand with the bar. The Captain kicked it down the gangway, but had his shoulder almost crushed by a second blow. The man called out that he would sell his life dearly, and dared the whole force of the boat to come on.

After a resurvey of the situation, the Captain had the fire hose laid along the upper deck, and it was found that the pipe man, by leaning over the guards, could play through an open window upon the man at bay. The water was started, and for twenty minutes it showered in upon the fellow by the barrel. We were looking upon the plan as a failure, when he made a rush. One or two men fired at him in a wild way, but he was not hit. As he came out of the gangway he dodged behind some cotton bales, crossed to the other side, and was at the gangway. He stood there screaming and cursing, and the Captain, from a spot not over twenty feet away, fired five shots at him without making a hit. Then several other revolvers began to crack. The man must have expected death in some form or other. He was hemmed in now, and the number of his foes was momentarily increasing. For one long minute he stood there swinging the bar and screaming like a mad animal, and then he flung his weapon down and went overboard with a yell of defiance.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A NOBLE ORDER.

The Sisters of Bon Secours and Their Praiseworthy Work.

Two Sisters of the Order of Bon Secours arrived in this country four years ago to establish a branch of their praiseworthy order, so well known in many of the European cities. The sisters at present occupy the house No. 152 East Sixty-sixth street. The institution is presided over by Sister Madeleine de Pazzi, a thorough disciplinarian, and most earnest and zealous, as are all the sisters; in their endeavor to care for and nurse the afflicted. Their number, under the guidance of Sister Madeleine, has increased to sixteen. So great has been the demand for the services of these faithful nurses, by whose tender care and judicious nursing many a life has been saved, it has become necessary to look out for a larger building. With this view ground on Lexington avenue has been bought, and as soon as possible a building will be erected and more sisters will come from abroad.

The order was founded in 1840 by the Abbe Paul Millet, in Arcis, France, at a time when cholera was raging. The object of the society was to create an order of religious women, whose duty would be to nurse the sick at their homes. So faithful did these sisters prove to their trusts during the ravages of the cholera that their noble and good deeds gave them fame and popularity throughout Europe. Again, during the war of 1870, the sisters had charge of sixty ambulances. They did noble work in Algeria in seasons of famine and cholera. During the late war at Tunis they rendered such services to the wounded and the dying soldiers that the French Government, as a mark of recognition, established a house for them there. The order now has one hundred and twenty houses distributed among England, Belgium, Italy, Spain and Africa. There are throughout Europe about ten thousand sisters. Each one, after taking the vow, goes through a regular course of severe theoretical and practical training for three years. At the end of that time they go into the world thoroughly trained nurses. Their special vocation is to nurse the sick at their homes, both by day and by night. They make no distinction in reference to age or condition; they attend all classes of society, rich and poor alike, Catholic and non-Catholic families. For their care and services to the sick they expect no remuneration, although they have no other means of support save the voluntary offerings of those whom they nurse. In other words, it is left to the families whom they nurse to compensate them according to what they think they are entitled.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Valuable Industry.

Quite a valuable industry is now carried on in France, in the utilization of the various kinds of feathers formerly treated as worthless, especially those obtained in plucking ducks, chickens, turkeys, and those of wild fowls and other birds killed as game. The plan pursued consists in trimming those, particularly the larger ones, off the stump which may be thrown away, the plumes being then made use of in the manufacture of a feather cloth or blanket which possesses the essential quality of being exceedingly light and at the same time very warm. The plumes which are separated from the stalk are placed in a bag, closed tightly, and then subjected to rubbing between the hands, as in washing clothes. In a few minutes the fibres are by this means separated from each other, and form a perfectly homogeneous and very light down, applicable by simple operation to the production of quite a variety of coverings and other household objects, at a reasonable cost.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The plain, untitled citizen can slide along in life without receiving much criticism and abuse, but when he has a handle to his name he must expect everybody to take hold and shake him up.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"YOU CAN'T MOST ALWAYS TELL."

The man you now pass by with bitter looks of scorn,
Because he is so very poor, and so very lowly born,
Next spring you may be very glad to take him by the hand,
For his praises may be sounded over every inch of land.
A champion he may become, before the world to shine,
As a pitcher or a catcher of a jolly base-ball nine;
Although you see him calmly sit a-smoking of cheroots,
He may whip the great John Sullivan out of his biggest boots;
He may try a six-days' walking at some famous hall or rink,
And beat the rest of fellows there, as quick as you can wink;
He may chance to be located within the winning boat,
Or you may run for office, and may chance to need his vote.
So of all the many queer words that are given out to spell,
The queerest of the queer, are—"You can't most always tell!"

—*Goodall's Sun.*

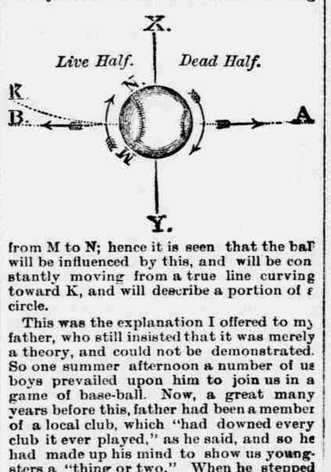
CURVED PITCHING.

Its Possibility Illustrated and Explained —A Father Whose Base-Ball Days Are Over.

Several years ago I thought that it was impossible to make a ball curve, and when one of my "chums" said he had seen it done, I laughed at him; but he insisted so strongly that when I went home I asked my father. He was an old-time player, and when *he* said it was impossible to make a ball "curve," that settled it with me. Then I was certain that my friend had been deluded. Not long afterward, however, I saw a game between two professional clubs, and as I sat directly back of the catcher, and could see the ball from the time it left the pitcher's hand, there was no longer any doubt in my mind about a ball being made to "curve." Moreover, I learned myself, after weeks of hard practice, to throw a curve ball, and many times since then have had the satisfaction of "striking out" hard hitters, who were unused to "curves." "What causes a ball to curve?" is a question asked by many, and I would offer the following original explanation:

When a ball is thrown through the air, the resistance of the air is only on one-half of the surface, that is the half facing the direction the ball is thrown. The other part of the ball may be considered as the "dead half."

Suppose the ball is thrown from A to B, and given a rapid rotating movement on its axis, as indicated by the arrows (accomplished by "holding" and "delivering" the ball a certain way), the resistance then is only on the "live half," which is rotating



from M to N; hence it is seen that the ball will be influenced by this, and will be constantly moving from a true line curving toward K, and will describe a portion of a circle.

This was the explanation I offered to my father, who still insisted that it was merely a theory, and could not be demonstrated. So one summer afternoon a number of us boys prevailed upon him to join us in a game of base-ball. Now, a great many years before this, father had been a member of a local club, which "had downed every club it ever played," as he said, and so he had made up his mind to show us youngsters a "thing or two." When he stepped up to the "home" plate ready to strike, it was with determination to show us that our so-called curves were simply optical illusions which he would soon dispel. I was the pitcher, and the first ball I threw was a slow "out-curve" (that is, it curved away from the striker—curves are designated as "outs," "in-shoots," "drops" and "raise"). Father drew back the bat and struck at the ball as though he would knock the cover off, but he missed it. He tried again and again, but could not even make a "foul tip"; so finally he gave up and consented to watch for a short time from behind the catcher, and was soon convinced that a curve ball was not an optical illusion, but an accomplished fact. After a short time he started slowly home, but, as he left us, he said: "Well, boys, you are right; the game is getting too scientific for me, and I guess my base-ball days are over." And, in truth, so they were.—*J Edwin Taylor, in St. Nicholas.*

Lucid Information.

A colored man, evidently a stranger in Austin, was standing around, as if looking for something which he could not find when he was accosted by Uncle Mose.

"Who is yer lookin' for, niggah?"

"I wants ter see Kurnel Yerger."

"Does yer know him when yer sees him?"

"No."

"Does yer know Jedge Peterby when yer sees him?"

"No."

"Ef yer sees Kurnel Yerger yer can tell hits him right off by his not bein' so bald-headed as Jedge Peterby, and by his not warin' de same sort of a hat."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Vigorous French Explanation.

Champoireau, who has been a violent Republican, suddenly changes around and becames a Conservative.

"You change your opinions like a shirt," said one of his old political friends reproachfully.

"Well do you want me to keep one shirt on all the time when I find it has become soiled?" answered Champoireau.

The other had nothing to say.—*Le Figaro.*

Anxious for Comfort.

The jail at Summit, N. J., must be a sight for sore eyes. A man named William Walsh was arrested a few nights since for being drunk and disorderly. It began to grow colder during the night, and after enduring the cold as long as possible, he deliberately kicked a hole through the side of the building and walked out. Three tramps followed his example, and together they hollowed a bed out in a snow-drift, and all slept soundly till morning.—*Peck's Sun.*

She Had Married for Love.

Husband—Do you think that our daughter Clara ought to marry for money alone?

Wife—Certainly.

Husband—But you married for love, my dear.

Wife—I know I did, and that is the reason why I think Clara ought to marry for money.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

The Vilest Pun of the Year.

Bolger—I hear that Easy has cremated his wife.

Bromley—Yes. He was forced to do it out of very shame.

"I don't understand."

"You see he has been very shiftless, and he could not allow such a chance to urn something to escape him."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Encouraging Industry.

Jenks—I have given the matter considerable thought. For weeks I have been laboring under an impression that——

Simpson—My dear boy, I'm glad to hear it! You've been an idler long enough. Labor on.—*Philadelphia Call.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

THE SANDMAN.

Now niddy nid nod, and niddy dee dee,
O where can that loitering sandman be?
This baby's eyes are bright as pins, heigh—ho;
Now where is that sandman lingering so?

O sandman, dear sandman, wherever you be,
Hasten, I pray, to this boy on my knee!

Perhaps he's at work far across the deep,
A-getting the little Jap boys to sleep;
Or tripping on through an Esquimaux town,
To fasten some winking eyelash down;

But sandman, dear sandman, what shall we do
To still this young tyrant's shout of: "Goo, goo?"

The bee is asleep in the crimson rose,
And niddy nid nod the poppy's head goes;
The yellow chicks sleep 'neath the old hen's breast,
But here is my bird still out of his nest;

So sandman, dear sandman, o'er land and o'er sea,
Haste, sprinkle your grains in this young rogue's ee.

Soft the fringes drop o'er the bonny eyes,
Sparkling like the stars in the midnight skies;
Through the parted lips that two pearls disclose,
How the sweet breath comes, how the sweet breath goes.

Why so quick and so light the sandman stept,
We hardly knew when the baby slept!

—*Annie M. Libby, in Good Housekeeping.*

A BALL OF TWINE.

Ned's Passionate Temper, and How He Subdued It.

Ned Dixon had a quick, passionate temper; he spoke first and thought afterwards. Like a whirlwind his anger overtook him; there came violent words, and after awhile a very much shamed little boy would say: "O dear, dear, what shall I do?" For he had been taught that unless he learned to conquer this evil spirit, in the end it would subdue him. His mother had striven with him and tried in all ways to help him, and at last she said:

"Now, my boy, you must do this thing for yourself; neither God nor man can help you unless you strive yourself."

"But I do, mamma," said Ned.

"I know you do sometimes, dear child, but you have not struggled as if you were in the clutches of a wild beast that will surely destroy you if you don't overcome him. Life is a poor thing, child, if we let ourselves grow up the slaves of our evil tendencies; but remember, 'He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;' and you have read of some of the terrible battles men have had to fight to take cities."

This conversation took place after an unusually bad exhibition of temper on Ned's part, and when it was over, the boy wandered off by himself in a very contrite mood, and at last found himself in the barn. Here he sat down on a carpenter's bench, and began to examine the tools in a box that stood open beside him. After awhile he picked up a ball of twine and began to unwind and rewind it. All at once a new thought took possession of him, and tossing the ball of twine back into the box, he darted off, and was soon running down the street as fast as he could go.

After awhile he returned with a fresh ball of twine that he had bought, and put it away in a box of his own traps in the barn-chamber. About this time Ned's friends began to notice that he did not get into a passion as often as usual, and instead of speaking when he was angry he ran away. His mother, who watched him closely, was overjoyed, for she saw that he was learning self-control, though it was no easy matter. She saw his face flush often, and the angry spark in his eye, but he would shut his lips tightly and disappear, coming back after awhile with his anger quite gone. Seeing that Ned always ran to the barn at such times, his mother followed him one day, curious to know what the boy would do. She stepped cautiously, and, looking up into the barn-chamber, saw Ned, sitting on a box unwinding with great rapidity a ball of twine. His face was very red and his lips shut tightly, and the cord flew fast through his fingers. Towards the end the hands began to relax their speed, and when the task was done the boy gave a great sigh and slowly began to wind up the twine again. His mother judged that it would now do to speak to him, so climbing the stairs she said:

"What are you doing, Ned?"

He looked up surprised, and a little confused, but said:

"O mamma, I do believe I have found a way to help myself. I just don't speak one word when I am mad, but come right up here before I do any thing, and unwind this twine and wind it all up again; by the time I get it all unwound, I'm not very angry, and it is such stupid work winding it up again, but I do it every time, and I guess I shall learn soon not to get mad at all, when I have to do such a job of work every time."

Ned Dixon is a man now, and his letters come addressed to Hon. Edward Dixon. His mother loves to tell her grandchildren how their father learned to conquer his temper and rule his spirit. They find it hard to believe that papa ever had a quick temper; no one ever sees it now.—*Golden Rule.*

INDIAN PICTURE WRITING.

How the Turtles Notify the World of Their Achievements in War.

Let us see how an Indian of North America goes to work to write. Suppose a wild Indian belonging to the great clan whose members call themselves the Turtles, makes a raid on a village of huts and wigwams owned by enemies belonging to the widespread clan called the Bear clan. Suppose it has taken the Turtles three days of hard travel through forests and over the hills to reach the Bears. By means of their crafty spies, they find that the brave men of the Bears are away hunting moose, and that most of the squaws and pappooses are either in the fields of maize or in the woods, where the berries are ripe, and only a few old men and women are left behind to keep watch over some ponies and oxen. Then the Turtles, each clutching his bow, creep on the village under cover of the woods, and with a terrific yell rush at the wigwams. The old people run into the bushes, frightened almost to death, as you can well imagine. Then the Turtles gather up all the ponies and oxen, drive them off, burn all the wigwams they can, and hurry home with the cattle. Now these savages think they have done quite a fine thing in robbing their neighbors of their cattle and plundering and burning their homes. And they wish to let other Indians know what clever robbers they have been. So the Turtle chief chooses a piece of smooth, cream-colored birch-bark, chews up a little tobacco to serve as ink, plucks a twig of soft wood for a pen, and with the tobacco juice draws the following pictures:

First comes a turtle, and it is a very big turtle, because he thinks that he and his clan are very great personages indeed. Then he draws as many waving lines, to represent bows, as there are Indians in the party, and perhaps the same number of Indians with top-knots; his lines bend forward to show in what direction the trail went. Following these, a rising sun stands for daybreak, and three lines under it mean that three days went by in going to the Bears. Next, he puts down as many little pyramids as there were Bear wigwams, and draws them upside down to show that they were destroyed. After that, he draws, as well as he can, a wee, wee bear, very small, in order to show his contempt for the Bears. Finally, he draws with the greatest care as many oxen and ponies as he has captured, because he is chiefly proud of this part of his exploit and wishes all the world of the woods to know what a great and successful robber he is. He does not tell that the Bear braves were away when he surprised the camp, and probably does not care to tell that part of the story. We may understand it from the absence of any sign for scalps. Had there been resistance and men slain on either side, the exact number of dead would have been noted by drawing just as many human figures without their heads.—*Henry Eckford, in St. Nicholas.*

PUDGY'S EXPERIENCE.

A Dolly's Mistaken Idea That She Was Unloved and Forgotten.

"Oh, oh, my heart is broken!" and Pudgy tried to turn over, but found she could not.

"To think it's only two months since Christmas, and she loved and kissed me all the time then, and now she has forgotten all about me." And a pitiful little sob sounded under the pink sunbonnet.

"It isn't my fault. I'm sure I let her throw me on the floor, or sit on me, or let Jip carry me round in his mouth, without fretting or complaining the least bit. I'm just as whole as I was at Christmas. Why did her Uncle John bring that painted thing from Paris, and spoil all my lovely times? Here I've been under the stoop since yesterday before lunch, and she has never missed me. Oh, dear, dear!" and Pudgy tried again to roll over on her face and wipe her tears on the dead leaves under the piazza. Just then a sweet baby voice called out: "Mamma, I don't see her. Please, mamma, help me find my darling Pudgy." The homely face under the piazza beamed with gladness. "She loves me; I knew it." And Pudgy forgot all her doubts.

"You must come in, darling. We'll look in the house; and, at any rate, you have your new doll."

"Mamma, I'll never love any doll as I do Pudgy. I must find her. I know she's out-of-doors, and so cold;" and little Helen's voice was as full of tears as Pudgy's had been. Just then out flew Jip from under the piazza, with a very draggled pink bundle in his mouth, and started across the lawn. "Mamma, mamma! There, Jip has her!" and Helen started after her. Fortunately for Pudgy, a carriage passed just then, and Jip dropped Pudgy, who was picked up and hugged to her heart's delight, and was carried into the house, Helen whispering: "I love you best, Pudgy—you are so comfor'ble."

Underneath the pink sunbonnet two black, staring eyes tried to wink back the tears that made a ridge through the dirt on the cheeks, and Pudgy tried to put her head down on Helen's shoulder.

When Helen was seated in the nursery she looked at Pudgy's face and said: "Why, mamma, she looks as though she had been crying—see the streaks."

"I guess it rained last night, and she must have lain out-of-doors. Did you forget her when you came in yesterday?"

"I 'f'aid I did, mamma. Darling, precious Pudgy! I'll never fordit you adain. I love her best 'cause you made her, mamma, and I can hug her close."

Pudgy was perfectly happy.—*Christian Union.*

A WISE DECISION.

How a Dusky Cadi Settled a Vexatious Legal Question.

A decision which is not likely to be cited during important trials was recently rendered by a negro magistrate who lives near Memphis. During an entertainment given in a church, two negroes became involved in a fight, and the sociable was broken up. The next day the man who had kept the door on the night when the fight had occurred was arrested on a warrant of assault and battery and was arraigned before the magistrate.

"Look heah, jedge, whut's I done? I ain't had no fight."

"Didn' Jim Lane an' Tom Boyle fight las' night?"

"Yas, sah, but I ain't got nuthin' ter do wid dat."

"Didn' yer keep de do'?"

"Yas, sah."

"Wall, sah, eff yer hadn'ter let dat couple in da wouldnter fit in dar. I'll fine yer twenty-fi' dollars."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—The drivers of the grip-cars must be very self-contained men if they do not occasionally take advantage of their position and make it interesting for their natural enemy, the truck driver. One Chicago truck driver will not fool with the grip-car much in the future. He refused to get off the track after several requests, and the next thing he knew he was whirling along the avenue at a rate which took his breath away, astounded his horse and played havoc with the harness. For two blocks the grip-car man whirled the outfit along, and then the driver, who had dropped his lines and prepared to jump, threw up his hands and cried for mercy.—*Chicago Mail.*

—Mexico is about to enter into active competition with Cuba as a tobacco-growing country. The tobacco crop of the Canton de los Textlas will, it is estimated, amount to 1,250,000 pounds this year. This famous tobacco has been imported into the United States heretofore under Cuban trade-marks, but it is now believed to be able to stand on its own merits. Many of the Mexican tobaccos are inferior in quality, owing to careless methods of cultivation, but as good tobacco as is grown in the Vuelta Abajo of Cuba is raised every year in many parts of Mexico.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Boston genius has invented a machine to black boots. It can polish off twenty customers at a time, and only takes about half as long as the primitive style.—*Boston Journal.*